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Coffeshop Bloodbath



horror

thriller

mystery

154 24 19

Chapter 1 by intellikat

It was supposed to attract customers. They said it was similar to a spicy macchiato.

Chapter 2 by LuxCh3rry



Of course I tried one..

I absolutely love coffee- infact me and Roheo have a motto:

Love coffee

Crave caffine!

I know, it sucks... But anyway

Me and my dad were going there for lunch and the place was packed!

Eventually someone mentioned that they were releasing an official new type of coffee!

After some time (about THREE HOURS!) we managed to grab a table and order everything...

Including the new coffee...

Chapter 3 by intellikat



My Dad and I both lifted the small sample-sized red coffee cups in the air and recited our

mantra in unison:

"I love coffee. CRAVE CAFFEINE!"

Then we clinked our cups together. Just as the cups were about to touch my lips, I received a text from Roheo (my Filipino friend from grade school). I put the

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cup down and read the text.

"Don't drink the new type of coffee! IT'S POISON! Love, Roheo."

I dropped my cup with a clatter and looked over at my Dad. He was placing his own cup down on its matching red dish, a quizzical look on his face. A thin strip of latte foam remained on his upper lip.

Chapter 4 by Phantim



My heart seemed to stopped. I stared at my father in adjunct horror. My father had just drank a cup of poison. This can't be happening. I mean I wouldn't mind the life insurance money, but my /bitch/ mom will probably spend it all first... er I mean. No,/ I can't lose my dad/! Panicking I look around the cafe. Other people should be dying... but no one is. Roheo must have been kidding... right?

Then it happens. I hear a commotion in the corner of the cafe. I look expecting to see a body fall over. But instead it's just a man screaming. Oh god, he just stabbed someone! Everyone is panicking! Could this be it? Not a poison that kills... but a toxin that drives people mad? I know the chemical changes in the mind that are caused by caffeine... if they were heightened by an extra ingredient... This is bad.

"Dad, we need to get you to the hospital!" I say as I turn around. But he isn't there. He is /gone/.

Chapter 5 by Luna



I rush over to dad.

"Dad? Dad! Please wake up!"

I know that he is dead, but this can't be real.

I look at the blood, pooling on the tiles floors of the café. His blood is the exact same color as the china cups and plates

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I try to find the man that did this, he has already left.

The manager is now standing in the corner, he is looking at the floor.

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"I didn't decide what to put in this macchiato, my poor girl!" the manager says, meeting my eyes.

"Has someone called an ambulance, or at least my mom." I ask, wiping back tears.

"An ambulance has been called, but your mother has not yet been contacted.

Dad's blood is now underneath my sneakers, the floor slick and wet with his blood. How much blood is in a full grown man?

I lean over and kiss my dad's clammy forehead and run off without knowing where to go.

Chapter 6 by Laura Frost



Instead of going anywhere, I stand outside of and have a mental breakdown. My brain decides to focus on the blood.

There was so much blood.

Some time later, the ambulance arrives and takes my dad away. More come, and take others. Someone hands me a blanket and tells me I'm in shock.

The blanket is very nice.

A cop comes over to me. I blink, and then I notice that I am now sitting a foot away from a crime scene covered with cops and FBI.

"Ma'am? Can you tell me what happened here?"

I look up at her. "What?"

She smiles at me with pity, and I feel anger rise in my throat. I say nothing. Best not to anger the police. "How about we start with your name."

"I'm Callione."

"So, Callie. Can you tell me what happened here?" See more of Story Wars

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"I'm not sure. I think it was Rohed's text. I'm not sure why, but I want to keep it secret for now. I don't know who did this. I go crazy." I leave out

and I don't know why, but I want to find out.

Maybe when the shock wears off.

Chapter 7 by Laura Frost



I stand up a while later, and the tremor in my legs is gone. It's time to find out what's going on. Roheo's house is only a few blocks away.

It's brisk out, and the sky is cloudy. Few people are outside, save for the crowd behind me.

People are Jackals, my mother used to say. I never understood that as a child.

Roheo lives in the basement of an apartment building. It's old and kinda run down, but it suits him. The dork calls it his 'Evil Lair'. I enter the building and head downstairs. His computers are humming, something interesting must be happening.

Now, to find out the truth.

"Roheo?" I push open the door. He turns around at the sound of my voice.

"Callie! I knew you'd come. Look, look!" He points at the screens of his computers.

Some are tuned to news channels. others are just strings of code. And one... I look closer. It's a chemical formula. I gasp as the rest of the plans cycle through. "It was you! You poisoned the coffee!"

"Yes, yes, it's step one on my plot of world domination."

"Wait. What? World Domination. Are you serious?"

He laughs maniacally. "Yes! Coffee! That's the way to rule the world! Soon, everyone who's drunk my special blend will be under my control! The rest will follow. They won't have enough of a choice!"

The basement lights flicker ominously. I look like control. It looked like chaos!

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"That was an unfortunate error." He looks a little rueful. "I'm sorry about all that. I'd never want you to get hurt, you're my closest friend. And, if you want you can rule the world by my side."

What.

Whaaaaaaaaaat.

"My dad. What about him? He's injured, dying."

"Don't worry. I wasn't foolish enough to neglect creating a cure." He holds up a small vial, filled with a dark, murky green substance. "This will cure your father. Callie. Rule by my side! Don't you want to rule the world? Have power beyond imagination?"

Well, yes. But at this cost.

I have a choice.

Distribute the cure, or rule with Roheo?

What am I supposed to do?

Chapter 8 by Sub-Reality



My mind flashes back to the coffee shop.

All that blood...my own Dad's blood. If this poisoned strain of coffee gets out...how many other people will have to witness their own father either die or worse...maniacally hack someone to death.

How could Roheo do this? How did he ever think up something this evil? I've never seen him like this before.

"Roheo...this is wrong. You know it is. How could you do this??"

A psychotic smile curled his lips.

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"I love coffee. Crave coffee. I'd do anything for coffee."

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I stood there bewildered by his knowledge of the expression and then I noticed it. His empty, coffee stained mug by his computer monitor.

"Roheo who gave you that coffee?"

"Love coffee...Crave caffeine..." He repeated hysterically, slowly advancing towards me.

"Roheo, stop!"

His eyes stayed locked on me as his hand reached for a heavy ceramic Mary statuette.

I backed up in disbelief. Now screaming, "Roheo, NO!"

With the statuette in both hands above his head he screamed, "LOVE COFFEE...CRAAAVE CAFF-"

A bullet cut his sentence short, as well as cutting straight through the back of his skull, I noticed, as his he fell to the floor, lifeless.

I looked at the door to see who it was and I couldn't believe my eyes.

the end

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